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O LOVE SUPREME!

O Love Supreme, Divine!
  My heart I yield to thee;
Make it thy hallowed shrine,
  And dwell in me,

I cannot leave thy sky,
  I cannot leave thy care,
For thou art always nigh,
  And hear'st my prayer.

Thy sun lights up my days,
  Thy moon and stars my nights,
And ever on life's ways
  Are new delights.

Kind is thy will and sweet,
  My own I would not ask;
My heaven is at thy feet,
  Or at thy task.

O Love Supreme, Divine!
  Possess and rule my heart,
And all thou hast is mine,
  And all thou art.

—Henry Burton.

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Pacific Coast Congregationalists are asked to plan for the year 1910 with the Coast Congress in view. The date for its opening in Portland, Oregon, has been named—July the 28th. These congresses in the past have been fruitful of much good to Pacific coast Congregational interests, and it is hoped to make the one in Portland next year one of the best.

The American Board Almanac of Missions for 1910 is an attractive book. It contains a large amount of information on missionary matters and is worthy a place in every Congregational home. It may be had by mail from Secretary Tenney, Berkeley, California, for ten cents a copy. Among the interesting surveys in this centennial year of the American Board is a comparison of the world in 1810 and in 1910. Japan in 1810 "had not so much as made a start to emerge from its isolation and the stagnation of its feudal institutions." "The Pacific Islands in 1810, excepting the Philippines, were in primitive savagery, largely in cannibalism."

The appeal on the part of the Church Building Society for funds to meet the demands made on it for aid in erecting houses of worship should have speedy and sympathetic attention. The Pacific Coast Secretary has a message elsewhere in The Pacific this week for the churches of this district. It is to be hoped that there will be a generous response. The Building Society is not in stress because of any decrease in its revenues. The great need comes from the increasing demand for aid. Here on the coast, as well as elsewhere, there are many applications that have been held up for many months because there were no funds for appropriation. The Church Building Society is one of the most essential of the Congregational benevolent societies, and there ought to flow into its treasury at once all needed funds.

The Rev. Dr. D. F. Fox entered last week on the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Pasadena, to which work he comes after a sucessful pastorate of seventeen years in Chicago. He comes to Pasadena with the hope that his training and experience will enable him to do there the best work of his life. The Pasadena News say of him: "Dr. Fox is a delightful man to meet socially and has the genuine alert air and looks very much as though he might be a Chicago business man. He is in the prime of life. He comes right to the point in his remarks and one can see at once that whatever he does he does with his might and with keen insight and quick intuition. He is an illustrious man in the Congregational denomination, and Pasadena is proud to number him among her other eminent divines." The new pastor's first subjects for sermons were, in the morning, "Reading Between the Lines"; and in the evening, "Answering a Call."

The last Sunday in November the Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles preached a sermon commemorative of the fifteenth anniversary of his work in Los Angeles as pastor and pastor emeritus. When Dr. Day entered on the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles it had a membership of 400. Of that number 142 are included in the 1949 who constitute the membership at the present time. During the fifteen years 2550 persons have been welcomed into fellowship; the current expenses have climbed up to about $15,000 a year, and the benevolences to an equal amount. Fifteen years ago the Church was worshiping in an edifice on the corner of Sixth and Hill streets on which there was an indebtedness of $18,000. It now has one of the most modern and well-equipped houses of worship in a new location on Hope street, which is worth several hundred thousand dollars inclusive of the lot, and is free from debt. The First Church is a great power for good not only in Los Angeles but throughout all southern California . On the anniversary occasion Dr. Day took for his text these words in the 8th chapter of Deuteronomy: "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." In the sermon there were noted some if the great world movements of recent years,which have carried with them the momentum of centuries. Passing on from these through the great achievements and discoveries of those years, said: "And the city in which we have been making our history must be reckoned with; a city newly arrived, of phenomenal growth, to which the best blood and brain of the east and middle west is being drawn; a city in which every religious, political and industrial project is at the front and with every fad and wild-eyed scheme and every foe of the home and the state alert. It is a city also in which a great company is striving to make it a betrte city, a place where the young people may find safety; and our churches be in the most fraternal relations, as witness our Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., with their superb buildings, and our Federation of Churches."

The Report of the Congregational Home Missionary Society for the year 1909, contains the following fine mention of Congregationalism in the state of Washington: "Though Washington is one of the youngest of our states, with but one Congregational church that is forty years of age, and scarcely twenty-five organizations of one hundred members each, a full third of her two hundred churches are self-supporting, and the state as a whole will assume self-support a year hence on an expenditure of $20,000.00; with little more than half of the membership usuually required to support such a budget. As respects her membership, she ranks nineteenth among the states. But as to beneficence, in the sum total of gifts, she stands eighth; in the increase of gifts, second; and in per capita giving, first. In gain in

membership she ranks tenth, and in increase in churches third. She has acquired more than $1,000,000 worth of property, adding $200,000 to her equipment last year. In this year she has placed 16 new churches on her roll, dedicated 10 new buildings, built 13 or 14 more, and secured five new parsonages. On her missionary lists are 160 churches and out-stations, 130 of which were financially aided last year. Four-sevenths of her missionary pastors are caring for from two to four fields each, and the average missionary grant will not exceed $225. With economy and marked devotion, a great work is being accomplished by these noble men. A false economy and a needless sacrifice we might properly call it, were there any other way to provide for it."

THE BISHOP'S THANKSGIVING SERMON.

W. N. Burr.

On Thanksgiving Day this year we attended service at an Episcopal church. We like to "go visiting" sometimes. It contributes to that "enlargement of life" which President Gates used to talk about so sensibly a few years ago, and which, no doubt, he will keep well to the front in his teaching at "Fisk." One often feels the uplift and the freedom of a larger view of things as he turns back to his own field of service after having been among his neighbors, looking over their fences, and watching them at their work.

As we left the "Pro-Cathedral" in Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Day we were conscious of some spirit within, saying: "If we were obliged to become something else ecclesiastically, than what we are, it would be easier to join ourselves with the Episcopalians than with some other folk—in the church service, at least."

That fine virtue, Reverence, seemed to have found a resting-place in that church, and in the service. I have sometimes though of Reverence as a dove flying about over the face of the whole earth, and very seldom, in these days, finding rest for the sole of her foot. What a comfort it must be to her,—fine, gentle, heart-of-things virtue that she is,—to sometimes find an ark in which she can live and breathe without unnatural effort. St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral was filled with people at the Thanksgiving service, and apparently the "people" were "worshipers," The spirit of Reverence seemed brooding over the assembly, from their going in to their coming out. There seemed to be a sense of The Holy Presence. Greetings were exchanged, but only with quiet smiles and subdued voices.

The youngest member of our group felt it. "There seem to be no gigglers among the Episcopalian girls," he remarked, when the service was over, and we were out on the street again. He may have had a thought or two concerning Episcopalian boys in contrast with the young fellows of some other churches, but such thoughts, if he had them, lay too deep for expression. Has anyone ever seen a group of giggling girls and obstreperous boys disturbing an Episcopalian congregation? And that suggests another query: Has anyone ever heard, in an Episcopal church, as soon as the service closes, a clatter that would rival that in a department store on some extra-special "bargain day"? Possibly some of us would accomplish more for the Kingdom if we would reserve our market-day manners for market-day, and give Reverence a chance to dwell in her own element at all church services; and possibly we might pick up a few helpful suggestions along that line if we would once in a while attend an Episcopal service. We found them a very cordial people, attentive to strangers, though not noisy and irreverent. They seemed quite ready to welcome us, though we could not always "find the place" in the prayer-book as easily as they did. Their church manners and dignified service helped us to feel that possibly the Lord is in His holy temple, after all.

The Episcopalian boys had no opportunity for back-seat pranks—they had part in the service; and right well did they perform their part. They came in at the door and up the broad aisle singing,

> "Come, ye thankful people, come,
> Raise the song of Harvest Home!"

to its own old tune, "St. George"; and a stately processional it made. Two or three of the "boy choirs" of the city were united in a union choir for that service; and not only was their singing a delight, but it touched the heart to see so much boyhood taking a religious service seriously, to all appearance. There was nothing "cheap" about the service. From processional to recessional all was dignified, serious, worshipful. No showy costumes in the choir; no soprano with a new hat; no showy solo singing; no rag-time music—and the boys proved that young folks can, and will, devote themselves to music that is dignified with "character," rather than cheapened with "catchiness."

When the time came for the sermon it was the Bishop who was in the pulpit. He had his sermon in manuscript before him, and he read every word of it, apparently, with, possibly, an occasional interjection. But it was easy to follow him, and when he was through one felt that the "Extemporaneous Club" does not stand for all that is favorable in good speaking.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," was the Bishop's text. "The civil authorities have called us together today to give thanks to Almighty God," he said. "It is not a senseless thing to do. The fact that God is, is being more fully apprehended every day. The one supreme factor in all the world for man to reckon with, is God. God is, and we are, and we receive daily blessings from His hands for which we should thank Him.

"We sometimes become filled with fears because of some movement in affairs that is apparently driving dead against our cherished hopes; but God's horizon is not limited as is ours, and He sees how 'all things,' even those movements at sight of which we tremble, are 'working together for good.' Some of the most cherished political conditions of the past have been swept away, until scarce a vestige of them can be found today; and yet, in spite of the fears of many, the national life has grown saner, wiser. We are rising to higher places in our national life all the time. The submerged classes everywhere are beginning to emerge; and our day is marked by new thinking, new activities, new life, which we ought to welcome, and because of which we should be glad and rejoice.

"In the religious world change is manifest that is causing some to fear lest the strongholds of faith be weakened and broken in pieces. We are being asked what our technical language means, and there is no loss but great gain rather, when some attempt to put the old truths in modern forms of expression. The greatest blessing of the past century is the awakening of the human intellect to its own dignity, and consequently to man's rights and privileges.

The critical faculty is respected as never before. The free use of reason is allowed, and for this we should be not fearful but thankful.

"In religion, in statecraft, in our industrial and social activities, the awakened human intellect demands some changes that must come; and though revolutions threaten we shall find in the end that the trend of things has been for good. Some sort of government is essential, so some think they have an arbitrary right to rule. Russia is suffering because the bureaucracy will not relent. Rulers have become intoxicated with power, and 'incompetency of the people' is only a pretext. Russia **must** give her people a chance. Men have begun to use their brains, and the mind has been awakened to injustice. It is asking 'Why?' We should thank God for this. After all, governments have never been so stable as they are today. The spirit that asks 'Why?' **has** been called seditious. We are beginning to learn that it is the natural expression of human intellect waking up.

"Concerning theology and the Scriptures some are asking 'Why?' Once this would have been regarded as an impertinence. We were told we must not reason about these things. But the awakening intellect **must** reason about these things. We hear a good deal of trifling talk about religion, and if we are going to condemn anything let us array ourselves against the irreverent trifler rather than against the thoughtful investigator who is asking 'Why?' and seriously seeking for an answer. Trifling talk about religion comes from a mind that has not been trained to take religion seriously. Thank God for all present-day thoughtfulness that spurns the trifler and earnestly asks 'Why?' as it faces theology and the Scriptures.

"Many inside the church have come to look upon religion as a beautiful sentiment only; but the awakening intellect has discovered **this** weakness, and is putting its earnest 'Why?' in among the bubbles to prove whether or no the beautiful bubbles are all there is of religion.

"Progress in civilization has always caused some to fear—new things often have meager welcome; but God is working out **His** plans, and making all things to work together for **Good.** So rest on God, and believe that the One who has led in the past has blessings unimagined by mortals for the children of men to enjoy in the days that are yet to come."

These are just a few scraps from the Bishop's Thanksgiving sermon. It was a simple, tender, fatherly talk, full of trustful optimism, though carrying at times the suggestion of strong exhortation and rebuke. It was the thinking of a man who lives both in the library and out in the world of affairs. It breathed no hint of any aristocratic class spirit save when once he said: "Men and women whose manners are as good as their brains deserve precedence."

La Canada, December 1, 1909.

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

By F. P. Turner, General Secretary.

The bare announcement that the Sixth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement is to be held at Rochester during the Christmas holidays and that it is likely to call together 3,000 delegates from schools, colleges and universities, from the various missionary boards and their foreign fields, from the many young people's organizations and from editorial sanctums all over the land, cannot fail to have raised the question in many minds, "What is this Volunteer Movement which is creating such a stir?"

The Student Volunteer Movement originated in the summer of 1886, at Mt. Hermon, Mass., in connection with the first international Christian student conference ever held. The conference was called together by the late D. L. Moody, at the suggestion of Luther D. Wishard, who was at that time the secretary of the student associations of America. The object of the conference was that the students might come together for a month of Bible study and the consideration of Christian work in the colleges. Among the 250 delegates at this conference, a few had decided to offer themselves for foreign missionary service. As opportunity offered these students pressed upon their fellow delegates the need of the non-Christian world and the duty of facing the question of personal devotion to foreign missionary service. Soon the paramount interest of every man was the one which these few had brought to the front. Platform addresses, Bible study, even the athletic sports of the afternoons, converged upon the all-important theme. Such struggles as the woods and halls of Mt. Hermon witnessed has probably never been paralleled. As a result, at the end of the month an even hundred men had signed a card, reading, "I am willing and desirous, God permitting me, to become a foreign missionary."

During the conference it was decided that the missionary message ought to be carried into all the institutions of the country, and Messers. Robert P. Wilder and John N. Forman were selected for this tour and spent the following year in visiting the colleges, with the result that large numbers of students decided to offer themselves for the foreign missionary service. In 1888 the Movement was formally organized. The executive committee, consisting of John R. Mott, chairman, Miss Nettie Dunn and Robert P. Wilder, were selected to direct the work of the Movement in the colleges of the United States and Canada. In 1898, the executive committee was increased in numbers, and is now chairman; W. Harley Smith, H. P. Andersen and Miss Bertha Conde.

But what does this movement attempt to do, and how is the work done? To reach student centers, traveling secretaries to the number of eight or ten a year go from college to college, where they strive to accomplish four things: To bring the missionary message to the entire body of students in as intelligent and forceful a way as possible; to interview and direct as well as may be, any who may feel that God is calling them to foreign missionary service; to organize these volunteers, where the number of permits, into a Volunteer Band, whose business it is to carry on the missionary propaganda and to be mutually helpful to one another in the matter of preparation for the foreign field; to see that everything which awaken and foster missionary interests in the college is brought into its life.

The methods that are most useful in this latter connection are the purchase and use of up-to-date libraries, the promotion of missionary giving, and the organization of study classes and other missionary agencies in the college town or neighborhood. To what extent these objects are being realized may be gathered from the only two items which are reported to the Movement's office. These reports show that during the year 1908-09, there

were 2,084 study classes in some 488 institutions, enrolling a membership of 25,208 members. During the same period the sum of $116,712 was contributed to missions in higher educational institutions, 76 of which gave more than $300 each.

A strong force of secretaries is constantly employed. There are at the present time the following traveling secretaries who are visiting the colleges and universities, and theological seminaries during the academic year: Dr. T. Dwight Sloan, Harry E. Ewing, Guy von Aldrich, Kenneth S. Latourette, Miss Frances L. Taft, Miss Ruth Paxson, Miss Harriet S. Latter. F. P. Turner has served since 1897 as general secretary. Mr. J. Lovell Murray has since 1906 served as educational secretary, and under his direction the enrollment of 12,629 students in 1,049 classes, reported at the Nashville convention in 1906 has been practically doubled. The Movement's text books for mission study, which were the pioneers in this direction, number more than fifty, the majority of which have been specially prepared for the use of students and are edited and distributed from the Movement's office. Special attention has been given to the training of leaders of these mission study classes and to the preparation of practical suggestions and helps for the use of those who are leading classes. Miss Edith M. Wells serves as assistant educational secretary, and Mr. W. P. McCulloch as business secretary.

In order to be of greater service to all the mission boards in helping them to secure the very best men and women to go as missionaries, there was established in the fall of 1907, the Candidate Department. Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, F. R. G. S., a pioneer in Arabia for sixteen years, and one of the foremost missionary leaders of the day, was called to fill the important post of Candidate Secretary. He is assisted by Mr. Wilbert B. Smith. They have become experts on the supply, qualifications, and demand for missionary workers. The work already done has demonstrated the wisdom of this forward movement. Almost every board has been aided during the past two years in finding properly qualified candidates.

As to results of this manifold work, there are more than 4,000 student volunteers, men and women, on the various mission fields of the world, having been sent out by some fifty missionary societies of the United States and Canada. Its mission study and propaganda has stimulated the young people's and the women's societies to organize a similar work which enlists at least 200,000 persons a year. The Young People's Missionary Movement is not only officered mainly by Volunteers, but the very existence of this phenomenal organization depended most largely upon the iniative given by the Movement and some of its prominent members.

The idea was so rational and promising that Student Volunteer Movements have been established in Great Britain where America's work is largely duplicated and in some respects improved upon—in Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, and French speaking countries, in South Africa, India, Australasia, and China. The members of these various Movements are better trained on the average than missionaries were before the establishment of the organizations; they are having a most helpful influence upon the various countries to which they go by reason of the conference for consultation and for the deepening of the spiritual life to which they have in several cases given rise; and the present-day body of native pastors and teachers are under the sway of more aggressive ideals and more compelling motives than was the case twenty years ago.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MODERN GREECE.

By Prof. Granville F. Foster.

Everybody is acquainted with the thrilling history of Ancient Greece. The great battles of Marathon, Salamis, Plataea, Thermopylae, in which the bravery of a few Greeks was more than a match for that of vast hosts of Persians have made these names of battles household words. While the school-boys of all civilized lands study in their textbooks of history, the political government of Athens, Sparta, Corinth and other cities, and the customs and manners of the people at their Symposia, or in the streets or at temples or at the agora, in no school in Christendom outside of Hellas itself, is modern Greece thus studied. Who knows the customs and manners o fthe modern Hellenes? Who is acquainted with the nature of modern Hellenic government? True, occasionally, the newspapers refer to this land so greatly ignored, but it is rather to show its relation to Turkey and to the powers than to set forth any information of the country itself. A few years ago, there was a revival of the Olympian games and the first of the modern series was held in the classic land of its origin, and there was at the time a little attention more than usual given to Greece and Grecian affairs, but the matter which tickled the public for a while passed by and little has been said since. That the descendants of a race once foremost in the world in all that pertains to civilization—in art, architecture and painting, in science and philosophy, and in all the amenities and refinements of a high ideal of life—should be known for this reason alone, stands to reason, but when it is learned that among these descendants, the old Hellenic spirit is not dead, that five hundred years of Islamic despotism could not stamp it out, that it has flamed forth since its liberation from Turkey in a form that reminds us of its ancient energy is a further reason that more should be known of a people that promise to revive the glories of their ancestors, if not in battles won, in the greater achievements of peace—in material advancement, in art, architecture and painting, in science and philosophy. The fact that there is such a promise is seen in the admirable school system of Greece, admirably administered. Every town has its high school, every country district, its primary and intermediate schools, and at the top stands the university of Athens which had last year over sixty professors and almost 4000 students, half of whom came from Greek settlements in Turkish provinces, students who will sow the seed of civil liberty on their return home. The old Romaic, a corruption of ancient Greek, which was spoken by the oppressed Hellenic peasant before 1827, the year of the liberation of Greece, has been gradually approximated to the models of the classic language of the golden age, and this higher, nobler language is now the standard, the only language used in university or school, in book or newspaper, in pulpit or forum. It is said with much reasonableness that if Euripides or Plato should rise from the dead in their native land, what they would say would be fairly well understood, because for

three-fourths of a century ancient Greek has been so thoroughly taught in all the schools of the nation that everybody knows it, but on the other hand these ancient worthies would have some difficulty to comprehend all that a citizen of modern Hellas might say, but even here the general trend of the conversation might be discerned. In fact there is less difference between the standard, literary Greek of to-day and that of the golden age of Greece than there is between the standard, literary English of to-day and that of the time of Chaucer, and yet only five hundred years separate the two forms of English, while about two thousand, three hundred years separate the two forms of Greek.

It would be interesting here to describe the cities of modern Hellas, the railroads, roads and bridges, and better than these the stately ruins, mementoes of a past greatness and glory, but all this is foreign to our subject, but as something of the recent history is absolutely necessary to an understanding of the constitutional development of the present government just enough will be given to make our main subject plain.

From 1435, when the Turks forced themselves into Constantinople and the eastern and Greek empire fell, the blight of Islamic despotism lay upon those lands which once acknowledged the sway of the emperor of the East, Greece among them. It is impossible to describe these awful five hundred years of absolute, galling, almost insupportable tyranny, suffice it to say that towards the close of the eighteenth century, the Mussulman power had begun to suffer a rapid decline. The sultans had become suspicious of the janissaries or troops, recruited from child tribute paid by Christian subjects, because several rebellions of these troops had revealed the fact that somehow the soldiers nominally Mahommedans had become at heart Christians and hence at last they were disbanded and no more were recruited and only the followers of the prophet could any longer be soldiers, hence every battle (and wars were numerous) lessened the number of Turks, while the Christian population, despite the tyranny, was constantly increasing. This condition of things became critical in 1820, and the Greeks took the occasion of the rebellion of Ali of Janina to organize for themselves a rebellion. Had the sympathy of the powers been with them, independence which was declared in 1822 would have been quickly achieved, but the nations held off, even England exclaiming, "Let Greece obey her lawful master." It was the age of Absolutisms. Even the work of such enthusiasts as Lord Byron in attempting to stir the world by reviving in impassioned poetry the memories of the thrilling events of the classic ages, at first did but little, but at lentgh in 1827 England, France and Russia sent a fleet to the coast of Greece, only however to make a demonstration, till negotiations for an autonomous state to be made out of Greece should be matured, for the powers yet were greatly opposed to any independence. This fleet of 26 sail and 1270 guns arrived at the Bay of Navarino in the vicinity of Sparta near the last of October. A large Turkish fleet lay inside, and to keep it there during the coming winter was the object of the European fleet, but as the Mediterranean storms of autumn were coming on that fleet for safety entered the bay. It was instantly attacked by the Turkish fleet and the fire was returned, and within an incredibly short time the Turks had only 29 ships of the original 80 left. The news of this conflict had a magic effect in Europe, and public opinion changing, Greece obtained her freedom. At first the government was a kind of republic under the presidency of Capodistrias. In 1830 at the solicitation of the powers, the Greek assembly elected Otto I, a Bavarian prince, as king, but he was totally unfit for his high office, for he favored Germans for place and power and ignored the Greeks, but he succeeded in meeting one big rebellion by giving a liberal constitution and by crushing out a number of small ones until 1862, when by a revolution in which all Greece seemed to unite he was driven from the throne and Prince George of Denmark was elected. In 1864, the present constitution was adopted and it has suffered but little change since. The following are the rights of the people, almost in the words of the constitutional document. All Greeks are equal in the eye of the law and all taxes are directly in ratio to the wealth of the individual. No foreigner is admissible to public employment. No titles of nobility can be conferred. No man can be prosecuted, arrested or imprisoned except as the law directs. The right of **Habeas Corpus** is stated in nearly the same words as in English and American law. Dwellings can only be entered forcibly on warrant from a recognized judicial officer. Let the reader compare these requirements with those of the English **Magna Charta** and with our own constitution, including the amendments.

In the 13th Art. we find the following: Every one may publish his opinions by speech, writing or printing, of course being responsible for offensive personal statements. The press is free. Instruction in the higher schools entirely at expense of the state and partly so in the primary schools. All power has its source **in the nation.** The legislative power is exercised by the king and the House of Representatives (the Boule, as the Greeks call it). The authentic interpretation of laws belongs to the Boule, but the executive power to the king, but this last is exercised by responsible ministers appointed by him. All taxes and imposts must be computed by the Boule and sanctioned by the king before any attempt at collection.

The above being almost in the words of the constitution, a little explanation is necessary. The legislature of Greece consists of only one chamber, there is no Senate. At present it consists of 235 members, each elected for four years in districts by manhood suffrage. The members are paid and have the same rights and privileges as members of the House of Commons of England or of Congress in the United States. The king, through his cabinet, is a direct part of government, for he is a member of his cabinet, while the English king is not, hence King George has the ight which King Edward has not, of making or framing a bill to be presented at the cabinet meetings and if considered favorably to be introduced to the Boule. Besides the king of Greece has far more extensive appointing power than does his brother king of England.

Greece is divided into sixteen nomarchies or departments like those of France, into 70 eparchies, like the arrondissements of France, and into 440 demarchies, like the communes in France. There are no divisions corresponding to the cantons of France. The nomarchies are governed by councillors, elected by the people, not appointed as in France, forming a legislature for local matters, and each eparch has a similar council and each demarchy has its demarch or mayor and its municipal council.

Greece now has an area of 25,000 square miles, and a

population of three millions, but there are far more Greeks outside the home-land than in it, for five millions live in Turkey and over two millions live in Albania, Roumania Russia and the rest of the world. In common with Russia the Greeks are members of the Oriental or Greek Catholic church, differing in several essential points in its requirements, in its forms and ceremonies from the Roman Catholic church. The former repudiate statuary but allow pictures, use no wafers in the Eucharist but bread and wine, reject purgatory, allow but a modified idea of transubstantiation. Its parish priests must marry, indeed no priest can be ordained until the marriage has taken place, and once it was held that if the wife should die before the husband, he would have to step down from his priesthood, but this law is recently relaxed but no priest can marry a second time. As bishops and archbishops must be unmarried, they are recruited from the monks who have taken the vow of celibacy. The priests are not shaven, as in the Roman Catholic Church. On the whole the Greek church is doing lately a better work than formerly. It has laid aside much of its formalism as a **means of salvation,** though its Sunday services are according to a ritualism more intricate and prolonged than that of the Roman communion. Greece has one metropolitan, 21 archbishops and 30 bishops.

The public debt of Greece is almost $160,000,000. Its army on a peace footing is 25,000 and on a war footing 82,000. It has a navy.

Greece has its hopes of great territorial extension. In 1829 it had only 12,000 square miles, then the Ionian Islands were added and then a considerable portion of that territory anciently called Thessaly and Epirus. Greece wants Macedonia, the inhabitants of which are almost entirely Greek. It wants also Crete, and this island rebelled in 1896 against Turkey and asked union with Greece, but the powers forbade. As seen above, Greece is almost sunk in hopeless bankruptcy. The keeping up of such armies and such a navy as she has must eventually beggar her, and yet just now the Greeks are unwilling to relinquish army or navy. What the powers will do remains to be seen, for they have guaranteed the independence of Greece and have in some slight degree at least intimated that creditors in the long run will not lose what has been lent.

JOTTINGS.

The Pacific.

I suppose that I have done my full share of grumbling about our paper in its later years, most of it frankly to Dr. Ferrier, and the rest mainly in the secret chamber of my own soul, with an occasional outburst in my den and in the hearing possibly of my far better half. But I grew enthusiastic over it as I read, from beginning to end, its issue of November 18th. Not a stupid thing in it unless it were somewhere in the Jotting signed W. C. P. That sermon by Dr. Brown was worth a year's subscription, and if one could not get it otherwise, worth ten times that. What a wealth of fresh thought and practical suggestion came out of those words: "Rabbi, where dwellist thou?" Seeing that the question is not put by Jesus but to him, and by a pair of Galilean fishermen not yet supposably ready to speak under Divine inspiration, it never occurred to me to look into these words for any meaning so profound and so practical: a lesson as timely today as it was when the question was asked almost 2000 years ago. I thank my brother for this revelation. That text will be new and fresh for me as long as I live.

I have always held since I came to have any clear and decided views on the interpretation of the Bible, that there can be no more belittling and benumbing rule of exegesis, than that which insists that we should look in Sacred Scripture simply for the **obvious** meaning of the words. If the Bible is merely a composite volume of Hebrew Literature to be read and studied as you would study Homer for poetry or Plato for philosophy or Seneca for morals, then any such use of this commonplace question—Where do you lodge?—as Dr. Brown has made, is strained, fanciful, far fetched. But if the Bible is God's word, a a production not human only but Divine also,—like the person who is central in it from beginning to end, Jehovah-Jesus,— all the more human for being Divine and all the more Divine for being human, then Dr. Brown is right in finding that simple question an utterance prompted and guided from above and meaning to the reverent student himself likewise guided, much more than on a casual reading it seems to mean.

But I am straying from my theme. Some of us love THE PACIFIC not only for what it is, but for what it has been and for what we fondly think it is to be. It was in existence when I with seven others, home missionaries, completed my voyage round Cape Horn, and with delight and surprise as we sailed up through the Golden Gate, saw the hill-sides clad in their February verdure. Its rude little office was a sort of rallying place where one might hope to meet a brother and get a taste of the fellowship for which often we were hungry. Its issues were often rather stupid; the editor off in the mines drumming up subscribbers so as to pay the printer, while almost any one whom he could pick up would be set to furnish the copy. But then, all the papers of San Francisco were measurably stupid in those days. They hardly could be otherwise. Mails from the East only twice a month and then a month old; no telegraphic news, and local questions treated with the same delicate cautiousness which led a brother in the ministry to suggest to me that if I must pray that slavery, among other wicked things, should cease, I do it under some more harmless name,—"oppression," "injustice" or something of that sort. "God will know what you mean and you won't make trouble." But there were occasions when this humble weekly could speak out and be heard. It was an article in THE PACIFIC, written, I believe, by the venerable pioneer who still abides with us, that woke the State to the plot—almost ready to be sprung upon us—to divide California so that its Southern portion might be doomed to the curse of slavery. It used to be said that the article killed the scheme.

THE PACIFIC was always at a crisis. It came at length to be almost a joke with us at the annual joint meeting of the Presbytery and the Association approached, what sort of a "crisis" will burst upon us like a little bomb-shell, this time?

At length , Dr. Warren came down from his wide parish in Nevada County, and took THE PACIFIC as his own. He sank in it all the savings of preceding years, but he would never acknowledge that a crisis was at hand. He is

known and remembered for much other service in the State, but not I fear for the heroic work he did with his PACIFIC, in the days when nothing but a Vigilance Committee saved, or could save, San Francisco. In my opinion few editors have ever surpassed him in the vigor of his English, the courage of his frankness, the power of his editorials. As long as he sat in the editor's chair there was not, so far as I remember a single issue that was not fresh and pointed and timely.

Reminiscences crowd in upon me, specially, of course, of those days in which Drs. Benton and Mooar, with myself as a minor co-laborer, did the editing. We were relieved of financial responsibility because a man was found who would pay all the bills if he could take all the income, the editors meanwhile "working for nothing and finding themselves." And he made a good thing of it.

I must not fail to speak of one layman whose name ought to be written somewhere in letters of gold: Dr. J. W. Clark, Deacon and Treasurer of our First Church who almost adopted the PACIFIC as his child, nursed it, provided for it, tided it over the shoals, attended to its circulation,—the precursor of Deacon Smith of later days. I fear that few remember him or perhaps ever heard of him, but his record is on high.

Nevertheless, Oh PACIFIC of these later days I have somewhat against thee: please print what is written as it is written.

I think that whoever took the pains to read the Jotting in last week's issue probably got the point it made about the new Bible, but I feel as though I must say that I did not speak of that friend with whom I conversed as an "advisor" but as an ADMIRER and advocate of the new Bible. I did not quote our Fathers as saying there is "first" but JUST as much authority in the advice of a Council as there is reason in it. Where afterwards I wrote "appeals" I am made to say "appears" but may be my readers could correct this for themselves from the context. I will not continue in this strain only asking all who read these jottings now or hereafter, if they think them worth reading,charge what in them fails to make sense to the printer not to me.

W. C. P.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Topic for December 12, 1909—"Crossing the River." (Pilgrim's Progress Series, XII.) I Cor. 15:31-38; Hebrews 2:14-16.

The selection begins with the words, "So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the City," and finishes the book.

The sight of the heavenly city may be beautiful to us, but the river of death lies between our earthly journey and the city gates. The natural shrinking from death suggests the question whether there is any "other way to the gate?" but the answer has ever been the same, "All must die." That being a settled fact the emphasis shifts from "whether we die" to "how we die." Bunyan has pictured Christian in his fear of the inevitable. That is a reflection of the thought in Bunyan's day, perhaps largely extended yet. But there is no need of surrounding death with gloom and terror. The Son of God came to remove these from the minds of those who trust in Him, and Hopeful's attitude and words are far more truly Christian than are those of his companion.

Nevertheless, no one, not even Christian, should look upon this great event lightly. To moral creatures, endowed with continued existence beyond death, the event is far too momentous to be treated trivially. Nor should it be unconsidered, as too many do. If, when we are children, we consider and prepare for youth, and when we are youths, we prepare for the serious business of life intelligently and earnestly, how much more should we carefully and understandingly prepare for death, and that, too, in our early days. The follies and sins of our lives are the overtaking evils as we approach death. To start life with that incentive which can reduce these to a minimum is to remove regrets and fears at its close. To receive Christ in early life, to hold His ideals before us all through, and to have His pardoning power, word and presence from the beginning, will lighten the darkness, remove the terror, and extract the sting of death. "Remember, now, thy Creator, in the days of thy youth." The light that smites the darkness of death is God's free and willing pardon of sin through Jesus Christ, His Son.

We know nothing of what transpires after death save as revealed in Scripture, and even there the language is largely symbolic. But Bunyan is right in emphasizing **companionship,** in the picture of the "two shining ones." We lay great emphasis on the power of environment in the formation of character, and the actions of the individual. Half of that environment is made up of companionship. The power of a personality in our lives cannot be measured. If we are surrounded by the pure, the just, the gentle, the loving, our souls become like them. Imagine the moulding power of a companionship of angels, and spirits made perfect, of holy beings, and the Divine Being. Such companionship should surely transform us.

Still another truth emphasized in the story, is the welcome the pilgrims received. No youth returning from campaigns, no armies home coming with victorious banners, ever received such welcome as is accorded to those who enter within the heavenly gates. For, the celestial welcome is from those who recognize the issues of life and death which hang in the balance of our earth career; who have in large measure experienced them and know from what the saved soul is rescued. A city might welcome one who had escaped the gallows, but its welcome would be a thousand fold more hearty if the escape had been because of a changed spirit. It would be a welcome into those conditions which would remove all causes tending to demoralize, or tempting to evil. The welcome of heaven is the welcome to where there is no more evil, as well as no more death.

Is heaven a place? Not such as Bunyan describes, but a place as truly as a condition. Where the gathering of personalities is, must ever be a place, be they spirits in the flesh or out of it. But the detailed description of the place is altogether material and hence symbolic. Shall we abolish it? For one, I say no, a thousand times, no! Let the best that earth can give, its gold, treasure, garments, offices, anything and everything that can kindle our imagination of things pure, holy, magnificent, can be an incentive to patience and contentment even with hard experiences, can inspire to better living, and fix our minds on a blessed life hereafter,—let anything and everything be employed to

make the spirit life real, alluring, hope-infusing. It is the rainbow that encircles with its glowing tnts the storm-beat, cloud-bedarkened lves of earth's troubles and sorrows.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF W. B. M. P.

A rainy day for the December quarterly meeting was no new experience, nor for a meeting at the First church, Berkeley, but a larger number of women than usual braved the storm, and by noon the smaller room in which we gathered for the morning meeting had to be left for the main audience room. It required an effort to come out in the rain and because of this a deep spirit of devotion and service showed all through the day. From the time when we gathered by the cheery fire in the parlor for the devotional service and Mrs. Bray, of Fruitvale, led our thoughts to following God's Commands, until the little Chinese boy asked us to sing with him, America, and the children waved the flags, every moment was filled with something worth hearing.

Mrs. H. E. Jewett, as Branch Secretary, brought a pleasant message from her southern trip. She told of cordial greeting from, and pleasant meetings with the women there and the exchanging of ideas and plans which will be for mutual helpfulness and the strengthening of the work.

The report of Committee on Constitution was given by Mrs. C. R. Brown, who read the proposed Constitution, which has been revised to meet the changing needs of the Board. This will be printed in our annual report, that all may have the opportunity to consider it. It will be brought up for action at the March meeting.

The introduction of officers of the Northern California Branch was a mere form as all of the faces are familiar to us. But it is good to see the well-tried workers taking up with enthusiasm this new line of work. Miss Flint, Home Secretary, asked that her letters have quicker replies. Mrs. E. V. Krick, Treasurer of the Branch, made a plea for monthly payments from the auxiliaries. How can she make the required monthly remittance to the Board unless the societies send as often to her? She spoke of the carefulness with which the Branch guards its expenses, deliberating gravely before incurring them.

Mrs. Kofoid called attention to the literature table and to the Prayer Calendars for 1910. These can be gotten from her for twenty-five cents each, five cents additional if sent by mail. If you wish to interest some one in our missionaries, send her one of these calendars at Christmas. Mission Study classes were strongly urged by Mrs. Yarrow. She is ready to give help to auxiliaries wishing to form such classes. She has material and helps along many lines. She wishes a list of societies having classes that she may know how much systematic study is being done.

The First Church, Oakland, is always a leader in new and wise methods. The one spoken of by Miss Fisher proves this. The women of the church are divided into sections, each section having entire charge of one meeting. There is a friendly rivalry between the sections and each strives for honor points. There are a number of new members gotten, prompt payment of dues and number of missionary periodicals taken.

The gathering about the lunch tables was a very pleasant one and the time between the sessions was most profitable in meeting old friends and seeking new acquaintances.

The church seemed large and bare after the crowded parlor of the morning, but we soon forgot the empty space in our interest in the program.

Mrs. O. W. Lucas, in the opening moments showed us the mount of privilege Christmas might become if we would only get from it a vision of God's love and see the breadth of it. Christ is called our friend and brother as well as King and servant, as He served so He gives us opportunities of service for Him.

We feel that our Foreign Secretary's report is the most important part of the meeting for it brings us in close touch with our missionaries, making us know their joys and perplexities and allowing us, in a slight degree, to see their loving service for the Master..

Mrs. Wagner first read a letter from Miss Wilson, who will, before long, be returning to this country. Let us have her in our thoughts and perhaps there will be ways in which each one can give her a welcome and show her our love for her. The steamer brought great happiness to Kusaie when Miss Hoppin returned to them and the word came that the long-hoped-for and much needed house is to be built at once. From Japan we had word of the splendid location of our school there and the fine work done by Miss Denton and the other teachers. The money for the new building is needed.

Our school at Broosa, Turkey, has a warm place in our hearts because it is our first love and because of the good work being done there. Miss Allen was obliged to come home this year which leaves Miss Powers with added responsibility and new assistants.

Our Dr. Tallman in China had a real vacation this summer. There have usually been sick people to look after. But this year another doctor took her in charge and made her rest. She was not allowed to write letters though she planned to answer one hundred. Consequently she returned to Tin-sing in better health than before. From all these places comes the cry for more workers; of the opportunities being lost for lack of men and women. The harvest truly is great. Pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.

At this time Mrs. Krick most happily voiced our thanks for the generous hospitality of the church.

It was with much interest that we listened to Mrs. H. M. Tenney's report of the American Board meeting in Minneapolis. She gave us a feast of good things. Particularly were we glad of her pleasant impression of things Congregational, as she went to her first meeting in this, to her new denomination.

One of the delights of these meetings of ours, is the seeing old friends under new names and different circumstance. Mrs. Todd of China, coming to us as a Baptist, seemed very much one of us when we remembered her as Miss Lilian Lamont, one of the teachers of the Chinese School in Oakland. Her talk, given in Chinese costume, was most thrilling as she told of the way in which God had protected her from many dangers and cared for her in trial and affliction. There were touches of humor as when she spoke of the wonder of the Chinese at her folding bed, asking if all foreigners slept standing up. One old woman, to whom she told the story of God's love, turned to her companions and with eagerness said,"Didn't I tell you there ought to be such a God as this Jesus she speaks of?" and Mrs. Todd felt that all she had gone through was worth while, if one such woman who was longing for such a God, could know Him.

The little girls from the Chinese home with the boy who waved his baton in such masterly manner, were a touching sight. They waved Chinese flags as they sang "Christ for China," and we felt that the real hope for that nation must come through Him. We saw the possibility of realizing that hope in the Christian education of these little ones, and as they changed their flags to the Stars and Stripes and sang "America," our hearts were thrilled. We prayed that the spirit of the Master might be in all the intercourse of the two people and that those with Christian training might have the moulding of that great nation beyond the sea and so bring Christ to China.

This closed a day of great privilege. L. N. R.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

Lincoln.—Rev. C. C. Cragin supplied the pulpit last Sunday.

San Francisco, Bethany.—The Rev. Leslie Briggs enters on the pastorate this week.

Berkeley, Park.—Two persons united with the church at the last communion service.

Eureka.—In recent efforts for civic regeneration, the Congregational Church, under the leadership of Rev. H. E. Banham, has had a share.

Redwood City.—The Sunday-school at the present time has reached the largest membership in its history. The church is feeling the need of a larger house of worship.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—There were two additions to the membership at the vesper communion service. The bazaar last week was a successful affair. Everything sold and there was demand for more.

Fruitvale, Boulevard Church.—This young church, located near Mills College, held a successful bazaar last week. Over one hundred dollars were cleared by the ladies and an enjoyable time was had.

Berkeley.—At the recent annual meeting, the treasurer reported that the debt had been reduced during the year $1300 and all current expenses met with a small balance in the treasury. Last Sunday was the first anniversary of Mr. Miles' pastorate.

Woodside, San Mateo Co.—The Sunday-school, after months of suspension, was recently newly organized with very encouraging prospects. Rev. E. S. Wakeman of Stanford University holds weekly preaching services, and the work is going on well.

San Francisco, Mission.—Services are held now in the Swedish American hall on Market street near Fifteenth. The old Olivet building, standing at Seventeenth and Noe for 20 years, will be torn down. Olivet church had an independent existence of 25 years.

Oakland, Fourth.—Six united with the church at the communion service Sunday morning, December 5th—five by letter and one on confession of faith; the hand of fellowship being given by the pastor, Rev. F. H. Maar. The Ladies' Aid bazaar, held this year, brought in a larger amount of money than has been received at any previous bazaar.

Reno, Nevada.—A fine pipe organ was dedicated on Sunday, November 28th. In the morning there was an address by Dr. Blodget, concert organist of Stanford University, on "The Place of the Organ in Public Worship." In the evening there was a short address by Rev. C. L. Mears, the pastor. This instrument was built by the W. W. Kimball Co. of Chicago and contains all the improvements that have attended the wonderful development of the organ building art. It has twelve speaking stops, each manual register running through 61 pipes. The action is duplex tubular pneumatic. The grand crescendo brings on and off all stops and couplers gradually or instantly at will. The bellows are operated by a two-horse power electric motor. The organ is dedicated without debt, the cost with necesary repairs for installation of the organ being about $3800. The gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie of one thousand dollars made it possible for the church to obtain the organ at this time. The church work at Reno is in excellent condition in all departments.

Little Shasta.—This church was greatly blessed in having with them—for nearly a week, Rev. Miles B. Fisher. The weather was unfavorable and the attendance small, in consequence. But the preaching was inspiring and uplifting and the influence of the meetings will be long felt. Thanksgiving Day was celebrated up here in the mountains. After the morning service about a hundred and twenty-five sat down to a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner provided by the Ladies' Aid Society. Everyone in the valley had been invited to the feast, and if anyone had bought land or wished to prove a yoke of oxen, or married a wife, he did not say so. The homes were well represented. That first Thanksgiving Day in 1621, down on the Atlantic Coast, in old Plymouth, is a long way off from today and from the shadow of Mt. Shasta; but even up here, across this blessed land of ours and through all the years, the fragrance of our fathers' and mothers' first Thanksgiving feast fills the air today. It is not the odor of the dinner—the wild turkey and corn bread—that comes to us, but the fine incense of thankful hearts laid on the altar of sacrifice—"that a colony might be established in righteousness." And so we celebrated the feast and the faith of our fathers, and made Thanksgiving Day a holiday and a **holy** day. . .

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—Rev. George Willett of San Luis Obispo supplied the pulpit and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper last Sunday acceptably. Four persons were received by letter to the membership of the church. The church is pleasantly anticipating the coming of Rev. George Peebles of Naperville, Ill., who recently accepted a call to the vacant pastorate of this church. He will take up the work here on the first Sunday in January. The annual roll call of the church was held November 11th. About seventy of the resident members enjoyed the appetizing supper prepared by the Mayflower ladies; after which the roll was called by the clerk, the members responding with passages of Scripture. There were a goodly number of personal testimonies recalling joy experienced in service for the Master, and happily anticipating still better service in His vineyard. After roll call a memorial service was held

for the members who had died during the past year. For the first time in its history the church was called to mourn the loss by death of a pastor. Four times the Silent Reaper came and gathered full ripe sheaves from the membership. The first call to enter upon the higher life came to our beloved pastor, Rev. J. H. Goddell; to be quickly followed by Mrs. Rosa W. Cooper, Miss L. A. Hale, and good Deacon J. S. Harris; all most exemplary members and lifelong Congregationalists. There were many touching tributes to their memory from the members present, as well as from the absentees who sent letters which were read at the roll call.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday the paper at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be by the Rev. N. C. Gause. The following Monday the Rev. Dr. Adams will speak on "The Jews."

A home missionary church in the San Joaquin Valley is the need of Moody and Sankey Hymn and Tune Books Nos. 1-6 Combined. Also of Anthem books, ten or more of a kind. Any church having such books on hand, which it is willing to give or to sell at a reduced price, will communicate with Superintendent Rathbone, Barker Block, Berkeley. Christmas is near; is there not some church that will be glad thus to bring Christmas Cheer to a sister church, not strong but with a future full of promise?

The Rev. Harold F. Sayles is doing evangelistic work among the churches of Southern California. Word comes of successful meetings in the Congregational Church at Highlands. A correspondent writes: "Mr. Sayles uses the stereopticon in his introductory services every night with very marked effect. Through the eye and ear a flood of truth is poured into the soul that mellows and prepares for each successive step. In the pulpit his appearance is commanding and satisfying— his delivery is earnest and forceful, while the attention of the audience is unflagging. With a perfect self-control he holds in view the rights of the hearer and does not misuse his license as a speaker. He is kind and courteous as he faithfully tells the truth calculated to enforce the claims of Jesus upon the life service of every one. He is not sparing in his use of Bible argument and yet remains tactful. He does not even spare himself in the abundance of his labors of love. Highland considers itself fortunate in securing his services and he leaves for other fields of labor with the universal good wishes of our people."

MAGAZINE COMBINATIONS.

The Pacific and The Review of Reviews for $3.25.

The Pacific and any one of the following for $2.40: American Magazine, Cosmopolitain, Pearsons, Good Housekeeping, Harpers' Bazaar. If more than one of the foregoing are wanted with The Pacific, add 85 cents to the $2.40 for each additional one desired.

The Pacific and any one of the following for $2.70: McClure's Magazine, World Today, Travel Magazine,, The Circle, Hampton's. If more than one of the foregoing is wanted, add $1.15 to the $2.70 for each additional publication.

The Pacific and World's Work for $3.80.

The Pacific and Sunset for $2.55.

THE HOME

JOHN'S WIFE.

A young wife stood with her hand on her broom,
And looked around the little room;
"Nothing but toil forever," she said,
"From early morn till the light has fled.
If you were only a merchant now,
We need not live by the sweat of our brow."
Pegging away, spoke shoemaker John:
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
And quietly passed her hand o'er his hair;
"You never have time for me now," she said.
And a tear-drop fell on the low bent head.
"If we were only rich, my dear,
With nothing to do from year to year,
But amuse each other—oh, dear me!
What a happy woman I should be."
Looking up from his ledger, spoke merchant John:
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A stately form in velvet dressed—
A diamond gleaming on her breast;
"Nothing but toil for fashion," she said,
"Till I sometimes wish that I were dead.
If I might cast this wealth aside,
And be once more the poor man's bride.'
From his easy chair spoke gentleman John:
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

—Emma Bassett.

FAITHFULNESS THE TRUE GREATNESS.

The social structure does not rest on great men and women; they are too unusual. They can and do help the world forward and upward, but only when they can influence those really important, necessary people—the average man and woman. So deeply true is this that many social philosophers argue that a great man is but the product of his age—the expression of what the multitudes of lesser men around him are thinking and feeling and striving for without formulating their ideals. Luther gave voice to the Reformation, but it rested on the people and its strength lay deep in the hearts of uncounted multitudes.

The most important place is the average lot. On what the ordinary, everyday man and woman think, feel and do, depend the progress and the nobility of the race. And perhaps the most important element in the life and progress of any nation or community is the simple daily quality of faithfulness. It is always exemplified in lives of heroic greatness; yet, after all, if a country had to choose between faithfulness in its unusual citizens and faithfulness in its ordinary folk, the only choice would be the latter. It is more important to the United States that the average man should do his work faithfully, hold scrupulously to his marriage vows, fulfill his contracts with his neighbors, keep his promises and live up to his religious

obligations, than that every one in "Who's Who in America" should have accomplished his utmost in his particular calling. The very idea of democracy is built on the faithfulness of the individual citizen to his trust. A pinnacle or turret may crumble or fall with comparatively little damage, but let the foundation give way and the whole structure must crash in ruin.

Faithfulness, in the average lot, is of the highest importance. But how do the average man and woman look at their social responsibility in this direction? Take the average mechanic. Nothing has caused householders to distrust that excellent organization, the trades-union, more than the carelessness, the shirking, the delay and the badly done work of the everyday carpenter, painter, plumber, etc. The belief has grown up in consequence that the unions protect inefficient and faithless workers; and each unfaithful member has therefore cast reproach on the organization that he is pledged to advance. In some cases the laxness of its members has at length become reflected in the management of the local union itself, and occurrences result which disgrace the cause of labor and hamper its strong and conscientious leaders.

Or take the case of the average church member. If the community saw in each communicant a living epistle of faithfulness to duty and to God, how long would it be before revivals would become unnecessary, and all men would reverence religion? The man who prays on Sunday and by legal chicanery dodges out of a contract on Monday; the woman who goes to church regularly and does not pay her grocer's bill; the penitents who talk comfortably of forgiveness but never think of restitution or reparation; the pious attendants on religious services whose pew rents are hopelessly in arrears and who put a penny in the plate; the converts who join this year and backslide the next—all these form the load under which the church staggers, and by which, alas! the world judges her. Her great preachers are important to her, but if the average member were faithful she could do without preachers and yet advance in resistless triumph.

Let no man think he can be faithful, even to that which is least, without its counting to the world. Each faithful soul, in daily task, in home living, in church and city, counts as a stone in the enduring foundations which upbear all that the nation possesses worth having. Each unfaithfulness, small as it may be, degrades life. The most important thing on this earth, its most radiant past glory, its only sure hope, is "the blessed company of all faithful people." To be in the ranks of the faithful is to be important, whether in the workshop and kitchen or in the palace. And of highest importance is she who out of the obscurity of her life has it within her hands to erect a place of power—the housewife!—Priscilla Leonard.

Our Young People

HOW TOM JOINED THE BAND.

"My, I wish I could belong, too!"

The group of boys who were so eagerly discussing the organizing of a brass band in town turned and looked in surprise at the speaker. But the surprise quickly turned to mirth, and, with a careless laugh, Fred Grey said: "Well, that's a good one; I don't believe you could get up wind enough to blow a willow whistle. And we've got enough members, anyway."

Tim Darrow moved away with burning cheeks and with a wounded look in his eyes. The other boys had not really meant to be unkind; they were simply thoughtless, boylike, and some of them would have felt real sympathy if they had realized the utter loneliness of the quiet boy who silently left them. But as Tim walked slowly along the dusty road the boys were forgotten, and there was uppermost in his thoughts the happy fact that Grantville was to have a real brass band.

Tim could well remember the happy days when he and his mother lived in the little cottage in Medford. Then had come a dark time, when the mother's tired hands had folded away forever the ever-present sewing by which she had earned their humble living. The simple household furnishings were sold to pay the widow's few debts, and Tim was told that a good home had been found for him in Grantville, a few hours' ride away, with a certain Jonas Nelson who lived at the edge of the town.

It was a common saying with many people: "As close as Jonas Nelson," and when he offered the 12-year-old orphan boy a home, it was with the expectation that he "would a good deal more than get his keep out of him.' Here Tim had lived and worked for five years. He had been fed and clothed; no one could accuse the Nelson family of cruelty toward him, but not a particle of home love had been extended to him; the idea was kept before him that he was not "earning his salt" and would have been in the poorhouse had it not been for their generosity. He had been taken out of school during the fall and spring work on the farm, and was soon so far behind others of his age that he was a target for sport. No wonder the sensitive shy boy had shrunk within himself and seemed to make it his chief object to keep away from everyone!

But the talk regarding the new brass band had touched a hidden cord, and he was amazed at himself when, on reaching home, instead of sliding as quickly as possible past Mr. Nelson when he met him in the hall, he said eagerly: "Oh, Mr. Nelson, have you heard about the new band? Won't it be fine! Oh, please, won't you see if they'll let me join? I'll—"

Mr. Nelson stopped and looked at the boy in astonishment and, in an angry voice that drove all the eager light from the gray eyes, said: "You belong to a band! Well, I do say! Are you crazy? Do you suppose I've got money to throw away to feed and clothe a lazy thing like you, and now give you a musical education besides? Suppose you want me to buy you a gold-mounted horn!" sneeringly.

At this last remark Tim's drooping head was raised a little, and a spark of the eagerness came back as he began: "Oh, no, sir; I have—"

"Not another word now. Get along about your chores, and don't say 'band' to me again. I haven't any use for bands or any such bosh."

Poor Tim! He went about doing the many tasks required of him with a great lump in his throat that still choked him as he tried to eat his supper, and as soon as possible he went up the dark back stairs to his low room over the kitchen. There he gave way to his first impulse to throw himself on the bed in utter loneliness and misery. Life looked pretty dark to him as he sobbed, "Oh, mother, why did you leave me!"

And then, as if in answer there came to his troubled

heart the echo of his mother's sweet voice, singing—

"Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer."

The raging, rebellious feeling all gone, Tim soon arose and went to a small trunk which contained the few possessions he had brought from that little home at Medford. On top lay the small Bible his mother had given him the last Christmas before her death. On the fly leaf was carefully penned his name and hers, and the date, and at the bottom of the page the precious words from Isaiah: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Beneath the Bible was a picture of a happy family group, his father and mother and himself, taken when he was two years old. Mrs. Nelson had said several times that she must go through that trunk some day and get rid of a lot of the "trash," but that book and picture had somehow kept her from disturbing the contents that were so sacred to Tim.

After some rummaging, Tim brought up from the bottom of the trunk a much used and dingy leather case. He carried it over to the stand where the small lamp stood, and, after a little struggle with the rusted clasp, drew from it an old and somewhat dented cornet. It had belonged to his father, and many a time his mother had told him how proud she had been, when, with Tim in her arms, she had watched him go by at the head of the band. She had told him, too, of his father's faithful service as a bugler in the Union army when a boy of only 17. As Tim handled the old instrument tenderly, all these things came back to him, while the great love for music that had never had opportunity for growth now welled up and overwhelmed him and he resolved some day to bring as sweet tones from the old cornet as his father had done.

The next day Mr. Nelson said to Tim: "As soon as you get that other load of fodder in, go to town and clean out that room over Dean's store. The band boys want to fit it up for their practice hall. I haven't any use for their band, but I'll be glad enough to get some rent out of the room again." Mr. Nelson had agreed to heat and light the room, and so it came about that Tim soon found himself installed as janitor for the new band, instead of a member. He was to stay until nine o'clock on the evening each week when Professor Lee came from the academy town of Highland, twenty miles distant, to instruct the boys and then some of the company would put out the lights and lock the door. And in that one precious hour, sitting in the shade back of the stove, he drank in every word the professor said, while his fingers could almost feel the valves of his horn.

As winter came on, Tim had to go earlier in order to have the room warm, and during the extra time, busy with pencil and scraps of music paper rescued from the waste-basket, he carefully copied the exercises often left there. It was hard work and many a time was he discouraged and puzzled to know what some mark meant; but this only increased his attentiveness when the practice hour came, and so, one by one, he mastered many points that some of the other boys in their carelessness failed thoroughly to grasp.

Tim's real practice hours were few, and often far between, but there was occasionally an afternoon or evening when Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and their daughter Kate were all away,and he was left in charge of the place. Then he hurried through his work, flew to the old trunk, and stationing himself near a window, where he could see the family returning, forgot everything but the old cornet and the strains he so longed to master.

* * * * *

It was early in May and the young band was rapidly becoming the pride of the town. Decoration Day, always an important occasion in Grantville, was looked forward to with greater interest than usual as being the day on which the band were to make their first formal appearance.

Tim had opened up the hall, but it was still a little early for lighting the lamps. Professor Lee had been there in the afternoon and had left his cornet and music lying on the table. Tim had often admired the beautiful, shining instrument, and had wondered how it would seem to have it in his hands. There it was before him, and no one was about to know it or rebuke him if he looked at it closer. He had no thought of touching it, but suddenly, scarcely realizing that he did so, Tim reached forward and picked it up. A moment more and he had put it to his lips, and then softly but sweetly came forth the notes of the last piece the band had practiced, the mournful strains of "The Soldier's Rest."

Professor Lee, coming quietly up the steps, was at first startled, then amazed, as in the dim light he recognized the figure of their quiet janitor, no longer frightened and shrinking, but with head erect, and bringing from the cornet melody that rivaled his own. Two or three of the boys started up the steps, but were given the signal to come quietly, and, as the last sweet, sad note died away, the player was brought back to the realities of life by the burst of applause that came from the doorway.

Tim was frightened! What had he done? What would the professor say? And drawing at once into his old shy self, he tried to stammer out an apology. But motioning the other boys to stay back, the kind man put his hand on the boy's shoulder, and though Tim could never tell just how it happened, before he realized it he had told his whole story—of the father who had been a bugler in the army; of the old cornet that he had loved so much, and of the dear one who had been so proud of him.

Mr. Lee had a talk with Jonas Nelson the next morning, and won the promise that Tim might practice with the band regularly. Mr. Nelson still insisted, however, that it was all nonsense, but as long as they rented his room and wanted Tim bad enough to take him without his paying for it, he didn't know as he cared much.

But when Decoration Day came, and Tim marched beside Professor Lee, looking so happy as he brought the clear, sweet tones from the old cornet that had done such valiant service so many years before, even Jonas Nelson's face wore an expression of unmistakable pride, which he made no effort to conceal.

"Poor boy," he was saying to himself in a wave of understanding and sympathy as his eyes followed Tim through the admiring throng. "Poor motherless boy!" And when, with an unusual tenderness in his voice Jonas turned to Mrs. Nelson and said, "Mother, we are going to feed that boy's head and heart for his dead mother's sake —and for his," she answered, "Yes, Jonas; and I am going to turn his room into something like a home for him."—Fannie Laybourn in the Interior.

THE TREMENDOUS NEED

Of the Churches is clearly brought out in the following resolution adopted by the Northern California Conference concerning

The Congregational Church Building Society

"Whereas, the 'Together Campaign' has cleared of debt and put on a more encouraging basis the work of the American Board, the National Home Missionary Society, and the American Missionary Association;

"And whereas, that other great benevolent organization of our denomination, THE CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY is equally deserving, but at present burdened with applications far beyond the resources supplied by the churches;

"Therefore resolved, that we hereby call the attention of our churches in the United States to this urgent responsibility, and suggest that an immediate national movement be made to meet the present arrearages, and put the work of THE CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY in a way to meet promptly the growing demands of the churches."

Other Conferences have adopted similar resolutions.

THE CHURCHES ARE WAKING UP!
THE DISTRESS OF THE SISTER-CHURCHES
is touching their hearts! HOW CAN THE NEED BE MET?
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A MAN HAS FAILED THOUGH RICH.

When he is coarse in his manner and brutal in his instincts.

When he is constantly reminding others that the brute still lingers in him.

When there is evidence of mental penury in his conversation.

When he radiates soul poverty.

When he is a moral pauper.

When he does not carry a higher wealth in his character than in his pocket-book.

When he is narrow and bigoted in his opinions.

When he is leading a mean and stingy life so far as his charities and magnanimity are concerned.

When he has fed others on hopes instead of adequate salaries or just dues.

When he does not in his prosperity help those who helped him in his adversity.

When he goes on the principle of get ting all he can and giving as little as possible.

When he carries about his business a vinegary face instead of a sunny one.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

At a party Sarah's aunt said to her, "Child, you eat a great deal for a little girl of three." Sarah replied: "Oh, I'se not so little on the inside, auntie." —Chicago Tribune.

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CONTENTMENT.

A Thanksgiving Verse for Boys and Girls.

By Donald A. Fraser.

A little bird sat on a tree,
And sang his song right merrily:
"I'm glad, as glad as I can be,
That I'm a bird upon a tree."

A pretty golden butterfly
Among the blossoms fluttered by,
And asked her mate, who wandered nigh:
"Who would not be a butterfly?"

A tiny little daisy-flower
Unclosed her eyes when passed the shower,
And smiled to feel the sun's warm power;
"It is so sweet to be a flower."

A gentle, playful summer breeze
Blew o'er the fields and stirred the trees,
And whispered to each one of these:
"Don't you wish you could be a breeze?"

And Jack, a chubby little boy,
With romping dog and rattling toy,
Cried out with shouts of keenest joy,
"It's jolly fine to be a boy."

—In The Delineator.

GRANDMA'S PICKET GUARD.

Grandma Wilkins was very sick. The doctor said she must be kept quiet, and everybody went about on tiptoe and spoke in low tones. Wilfred looked very sad. He crept softly into the darkened room, and laid some flowers on grandma's pillow: but she was too sick to look at them. Soon after he heard his mother say to Kate, the cook:

"We must keep the doorbell from ringing, if possible."

"I can do something for grandma," thought the little boy.

So he sat on the front step, and soon a woman with a book in her hand came to the door.

"Grandma is very sick," said Wilfred. "Nobody must ring the bell."

The lady smiled but went away. Soon a man with a satchel came.

"Grandma is sick and mamma doesn't want anything at all," said the boy.

All day long the people came. It seemed to Wilfred that almost everybody had something to sell; but he kept guard, and the bell was silent. Kate came to call him to lunch, but Wilfred would not leave his post.

"Just bring me a sandwich or something, and I'll eat here," he said.

At last the doctor came again. When he came back he smiled down upon Wilfred and said:

"Well, little picket guard, your grandma is going to get well, and you have helped to bring about that happy result. You will make a good soldier."

Then his mother came out and took him in her arms and kissed him.

"I am proud of my brave, unselfish little son," she said. "Now, come and have some dinner, and then you may go and see grandma for a moment. She has been asking for you."

When Wilfred went in on tiptoe his grandma thanked him with a kiss, and he was a very happy boy that night.—Baltimore and Richmond Christian Advocate.

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